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## A Sunburst for St. Patrick's Day.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

### I.

It blazed from the green old banner,  
On the fields of France displayed:  
"Always and everywhere faithful!"  
The boast of the Irish Brigade.

*Semper, ubique fidelis!*—

The legend flashed o'er the line,  
'Mid the carnage and roar of the battle,  
Where the brave blood flowed like wine.

"Always and everywhere faithful,"—  
To God and to Fatherland true,—  
Round the golden harp on the standard,  
It sparkled like gems of dew;

And the hero who dropped in the trenches,  
Or fell with his face to the foe,  
Looked up to the last and hailed it,  
His death-dimm'd eye aglow.

### II.

O hearts, where the blood of Erin,  
To day, runs true and warm,  
While the battle of Life is raging,  
And griefs the ramparts storm,

Behold, in the blue above you,  
The flag of fairest sheen,—

*"Semper ubique fidelis!"*

Is set on its living green!

Tho' crush'd in the bloody trenches,  
Tho' pierced by a hundred balls,  
Tho' the dearest friend of your bosom  
Beside you, lifeless, falls,

Look up to the flag, triumphant,  
And hail that motto grand:  
"Always and everywhere faithful"  
To God and to Fatherland!

—Donahoe's Magazine.

## Thomas Moore.

During the time when American arms and American valor were justly opposing the encroachments of a foreign foe, and driving the desecrators of liberty "from off the crested waves," the poet, *par excellence*, of the Irish nation first saw the light of day. Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, May 28, 1780. Nothing remarkable occurred during his childhood which would give any idea of the existence of such latent qualities which were afterwards wonderfully developed. Little did his good parents think that their son's songs would be familiarly sung, not alone in his native land, but along the great rivers of America, on her streets, and over her wide prairies. In due time we find Moore sent to school to learn the rudiments of his mother-tongue. Afterwards he went to the famous Smyth Academy where he was taught English. At home he was also taught Italian, French, Latin, music, and Irish History, by gifted and competent instructors. Much of his success in after-life was, in a great measure, due to these acquirements.

We, of the present day, can form no idea of the social and political condition of Ireland, especially of the hardships and trials of Catholic Irishmen a century ago. Defeated and baffled in every attempt to ameliorate their condition, they were forced to submit to iniquitous penal laws. In 1727, though they constituted four-fifths of the population, Catholics were deprived of all parliamentary and municipal laws. Rewards were offered for the appraisal of Ireland's devoted priests, because they dared to celebrate holy Mass and bring the sweet consolations of religion to their starved and famished flocks. The Catholic professor, tutor, and schoolmaster were likewise punished with the harshest cruelty. So that Catholics, when they could afford it, and wished to send their sons to foreign schools and universities to receive an education which was denied them at home, were hindered from so doing by these laws. We need not here repeat the story of the confiscation of the estates of Catholics, or of the iniquitous system of laws forbidding them to hold leased lands.

In 1793, the Relief Act was passed, by which Catholics were admitted to the civil and military service, to the franchise, to the professions, and to degrees in the University of Dublin. The parents of Moore profited by this concession, and he was sent to Trinity College. Here he passed a successful examination for the scholarship which would admit him to corporate membership of the University, free chambers and commons, and a small salary; but, for some reason or other, this was denied him. In the year 1799 Moore took his degree as Bachelor of Arts. The thought uppermost in the minds of his parents was to fit him for the bar. And so, after taking his degree, we find him leaving Dublin and proceeding to London with two intentions: to enter for the bar, and publish his translation of the Odes of Anacreon. His fond parents gave him the means of defraying his expenses.

Moore frequently afterwards visited Ireland, but never permanently resided there. In 1803 he published his "Juvenile Poems." These have been severely (and somewhat meritedly) criticised by moralists. In his latest additions he expurgated the more objectionable of these poems and apologizes for his first edition. In the preface of the second volume of his "Complete Poetical Works," Moore describes his impressions of America, and criticises unsparingly American society. He certainly could not form any just opinion about it for two reasons: on account of the troubled state of the country, and on account of the company with whom he was associated "composed entirely," he says, "of the Federalist, or Anti-Democratic Party," and adds, by way of explanation and apology:

"Few and transient, too, as had been my opportunities of judging for myself of the political or social state of the country, my mind was left open too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with; and, certainly, in no quarter was I so sure to find decided hostility, both as to the men and principles then dominant throughout the whole Union, as among officers of the British Navy and in the ranks of a Federalist opposition. For any bias, therefore, that, under such circumstances, my opinions and feelings may be thought to have received, full allowance, of course, is to be made in appraising the weight due to my authority on the subject."

His "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress" is interspersed with the same prejudices against our young and feeble Republic. Little did he think at that time his brethren and kinsfolks would flock to these hospitable shores and find there homes, peace, prosperity and happiness which were denied them in their own native land; little did he think, when the famine and fever stalked abroad and made desolate glad and happy homes, that this young Republic would send her ships loaded with provisions to Ireland's bleak and desolate shores.

We now come to the crowning point of Moore's poetic productions—his "Irish Melodies"—that gem which outshines all others that adorn his brow, and which alone would be sufficient to win him imperishable fame and establish for him a claim to the enduring gratitude of his country. In these melodies he depicts, with masterly skill, the social life, scenery, manners and customs, legends, traditions, victories and defeats of his native country. In lyric form, wedded to music, familiar by its an-

tiquity and its winning pathos, to the whole peasantry, he sings of the dark history of that fair Isle of the West; but the bright hopes which animate the people he portrays in strains that stimulated their ancestors to deeds of valor ages before.

The tragic events of 1798, and the sanguinary period of 1803, all contributed to give more suitable themes for his poetic pen. During his college life he had numbered among his friends and acquaintances many of the patriots and statesmen whose names grace the pages of Irish History; but none shared his friendship more intimately than the celebrated and lamented Robert Emmet. Moore, dwelling upon the celebrated passage in Emmet's speech, "Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character," gives vent to his feelings in the following strain:

"Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid;  
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.  
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

None of all his "Melodies" surpasses in tenderness of expression the one in which he depicts the sufferings of the Irish Church during the penal laws. The "Melodies" were translated into almost every language, as Moore himself tells in the preface: into Italian, in 1836; Latin, 1835; French, 1829; Russian and Polish, 1830, thus fulfilling his own prophecy:

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep."

Then followed in quick succession his "National Airs," "Sacred Songs," "Lalla Rookh." It will be sufficient to state that the latter poem was received with such approbation that in the first year it went through seven editions; and before Moore's death thirty editions had been published. His "Two-Penny Post-Bag" was published in 1813, as also his "Satirical and Humorous Poems." In 1818 he published "The Fudge Family in Paris," which commanded five editions in a fortnight. Rev. F. Mahony, under the *nom de plume* of "Father Prout," pretends to give the Latin, Greek, French and Italian of some of Moore's most popular "Melodies." It is strange, indeed, that Byron, Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Jeffrey, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Wilson, Curran, Sheridan, Grattan, O'Connell, Shiel, of the English literary world, Theiry, the French historian, and Washington Irving and Willis, of America, could not find out all about Moore's plagiarisms. He died February 26, 1852, at the age of seventy-one. Moore has been considered one of the greatest literary geniuses that Ireland has yet produced, whose name will live as long as there lives and breathes an Irishman; and who, in the words of Lord Byron, "is one of those few writers who will survive the age in which he deservedly flourished."

J. D. C.

## Ireland.

My first dear love, all dearer for the grief!  
 My land, that has no peer in all the sea  
 For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf;  
 If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me!  
 New loves may come with duties, but the first  
 Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smiles;  
 Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed  
 Is my poor land, the Niobe of Isles.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, IN *Boston Pilot*.

## The Alleged Bull of Pope Adrian IV.

There is one point in history which has been given, even by trustworthy historians, without, we believe, questioning its truth in the least, namely, the alleged Bull of Pope Adrian IV to Henry II of England, justifying his assumption of authority in Ireland. This Bull, or rather forgery,—for it is now known that no such bull was ever granted by the Pope,—was evidently gotten up by Henry himself, and he produced it to work out his own ambitious designs. By doing so he succeeded in deceiving a few of the Irish bishops; and the most prominent English chronicler of those times, the venal Cambrensis, set down the event in such a manner as to mislead those who followed him, leaving it to be understood that the alleged Bull was genuine. The fact that Pope Adrian was an Englishman gave coloring to Henry's scheme in after-ages, and much undeserved odium has been heaped upon his memory on account of it. That this odium was undeserved, the sequel will show.

Adrian IV (Nicholas Breakspear), the first and only Englishman that ever was elevated to the Pontifical throne, was elected Pope in the year 1154—the same year that Henry II was crowned king of England. At this time, as well as for many succeeding centuries, the Sovereign Pontiff was, by common consent, appointed general arbitrator between the sovereigns of Christendom; and his voice, as such, was recognized as the highest authority in international affairs by all nations. All disputes, either in Church or State, were, therefore, according to the mutual understanding before mentioned, referred to him. Moreover, "all islands, by ancient right and by a donation of Constantine the Great," were considered as under the dominion of the Roman Church, and in this grant Ireland, of course, was included. Henry II had a wistful eye on Ireland; but as he was acquainted with the relation in which it stood towards the Roman Pontiff, he knew he must arrange matters first to blind the European powers, who would undoubtedly support the Pope's prerogative.

According to the statements of the upholders of the Bull, Henry deputed John of Salisbury to go to Rome in order to obtain a letter conferring on him authority to correct the many abuses, both civil and ecclesiastical, which, he represented, then existed in Ireland. Therefore, in order to give the

Bull its force, supposing it to be obtained under this plea, as its supporters allege, the real circumstances in Ireland must be such as Henry asserted them to be. Henry claimed that anarchy and all kinds of disorders, both civil and ecclesiastical, existed in that country; but if we examine contemporary history we find that Ireland at that time (1154-5) was in a well-organized and peaceful condition, generally speaking. It had, to a great extent, recovered from the disastrous wars carried on for several centuries against the invading Danes, and the Irish hierarchy and clergy had almost succeeded in extirpating those vices and disorders which are the natural consequence of long wars. Therefore it is not likely the Pope could be so far deceived as to grant the Bull in question; and even were he to grant it, we see that Henry would have obtained it under false pretenses, making it null and void.

In the Bull, as given by its supporters, nothing can be found on the authority of which Henry might exercise the right of sovereignty over the Irish, if they were unwilling that he should hold such; and Henry, when in Ireland, did not demand the lands of the natives to be handed over to him, but required only homage to be paid him. He did not attempt at once to overrun the country and reduce it to subjection; but, having acquired a foothold, he trusted to time and his own nefarious policy to accomplish his object of bringing Ireland finally under the sway of England.

It is stated by some, in support of their opinions, that Adrian was aware of Henry's intention, as well as that of his predecessors, to annex Ireland to the English crown; that he also knew that Henry would undoubtedly invade Ireland, whether the Pope willed it or not, and, therefore, wishing to have him enter the country with views the most favorable to religion and the improvement of the people, he, on these conditions, gave him the grant. Moreover, they say he intended it as a great blessing, and not what it afterwards proved, the greatest scourge that ever was inflicted upon any nation. This supposition falls of its own weight. Anyone who is aware of the great authority in temporal matters which the Popes, as arbiters, exercised at that time, will see that the Pope's fearing to exercise his authority over any sovereign would not be a likely occurrence. If Henry attempted to invade Ireland during Adrian's lifetime, without that Pontiff's permission, all the Pope would have to do would be to call to his aid the other sovereigns of Europe, and they, especially the king of France, would most willingly oppose such a measure by force of arms. To deceive those kings might, therefore, have been one of the objects which Henry had in view when he forged the document, for they were all jealous of his power, and would not wish to see him conquer Ireland.

Among the writers who assert that Adrian gave the Bull, the principal is John of Salisbury, who, it is claimed, was the person who received it from the Pope. It is mentioned in a book entitled *Melilogicus*, written by John of Salisbury, but it is doubted whether he ever wrote the portion of the

book in which the Bull is mentioned. It is objected that it was not till after his death this was added to his work, in the shape of an appendix, by some of Henry's partisans. Giraldus Cambrensis, another historian of that time, also supports the authenticity of the Bull; but in connection with this writer (who is, by the way, its principal supporter) it might be well to ask how far we can trust the authority in this matter of a historian whose writings are noted for glaring errors. Even in his history of Ireland we find, among other errors, the statement that "the River Shannon runs into the North Sea," which everyone now knows to be false.

On the other hand, we have as authority for denying such a Bull many writers of high standing and probity. Among these is the Abbé McGeoghegan, who asserts that the supposed Bull was nothing more nor less than a forgery. Commenting on it, he caustically asks: "Is it likely that any Pope would select such a monster as Henry II to effect a reformation of a nation's morals?" This question is, indeed, a pertinent one; for the more we consider the character of Henry, the more evident does it become that the Pope, knowing his private character, would not appoint a man to reform a nation who was looked upon with suspicion, and who so greatly needed reforming himself. The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, speaking of the pretended Bull, says: "Indeed, the Irish nation at all times, as if instinctively, shrank from accepting it as genuine, and unhesitatingly pronounced it an Anglo-Norman forgery."

It was the common opinion amongst writers that the Irish accepted the forged document as genuine; but time, which divulges the truth of all things, proves that this opinion is opposed to history, and also to a report of the Lord Judiciary and Royal Council of Ireland sent to Rome in the year 1325, to Pope John XXII. In this report, amongst other crimes, the Irish are charged with rejecting the supposed Bull. "Moreover, they assert that the king of England, under false pretenses, and by false Bulls, obtained the dominion of Ireland, and this opinion is commonly held by them."

Some of the reasons advanced for denying the genuineness of the disputed Bull are: That it was neither produced nor heard of for nearly twenty years after the time it was claimed to have been issued—that is from 1155 to 1174 or 5; and that Pope Adrian, at the time it was published, had been dead for fifteen years. Why did not Henry, when he was in Ireland in 1172, produce the document if he had one? But he did not then do so, nor for several years afterwards, although it would very likely serve him well to have done so. He was well aware with what respect and obedience the Irish at all times regarded the mandates of the Pope, and by producing the Bull, if he had one, the difficulties of conquest would be materially diminished. This, it appears, was what afterwards induced him, or some of his followers, to forge the Bull and endeavor to deceive the Irish by it.

If we examine carefully the facts, we may per-

ceive a reason for Henry's not forging the Bull when he first entered Ireland. At that time he thought his own followers and those that were already in the country would be able to conquer the natives; and he endeavored to gain the country in this way. But in 1174 he was surrounded by many difficulties. The Scots were pouring down from the north; his own children were in open rebellion against him; the barons and neighboring princes had combined against him. To uphold himself in England he had to withdraw nearly all his followers from Ireland; but, wishing to retain his hold on the latter country, he caused the Bull to be forged and read before a synod of Irish bishops. It produced a profound effect upon the assembly; they were astonished—utterly dismayed—to think that the Pope should give the liberty of the nation into the hands of their enemy. Many of the bishops at once perceived the true nature of the Bull, and rejected it as false; while others, considering that it might have been obtained from the Pope, and fearing that in rejecting it they would reject the commands of their spiritual superior, submitted. In this they were followed by many of the people, who were accustomed to follow their pastors in all things. So that we see the forged Bull was not generally accepted as genuine when brought forward, but, contrariwise, that even those who yielded to it did so under a kind of protest, under a doubt, and only until the doubt was cleared. The troubles which followed in Ireland threw the country into such confusion that it is not surprising the matter of the alleged Bull was, in a measure, lost sight of, and in the general wars and persecutions which took place before and after the Reformation many, nay most, of the Irish historic records were destroyed.

Another fact that helped materially to screen Henry's forgery was the disturbed state of Italy at the time. During the 12th century we find that the country was involved in innumerable difficulties, and kept in a state of almost continuous revolution, so that for the greater part of the time the Popes were compelled, on account of these disturbances, to flee from city to city. As a consequence, many valuable papers and public records were lost. Many false bulls (examples of which are given in Cambrensis Eversus) date from this period; and as the Anglo-Normans of the time were not behind the age in such matters, as has been proved by the finding, in the ruins of an ancient monastery, founded by De Courcey—one of Henry's commanders in Ireland—a matrix for forging Papal seals, it is not at all improbable that they forged the pretended "Adrian Bull."

Another reason which we have for denying the authenticity of Henry's Bull is that neither the original document nor any record thereof can be found in any collection. The second Bull brought forward by Henry, purporting to have been received from Alexander III, *has since been proved, beyond all doubt, to be a forgery*, and this of itself goes far to weaken the claim of the previous one, if not to nullify it. Henry did not think those sufficient, but endeavored to obtain a genuine Bull

from Lucius III, who succeeded Alexander; but that Pontiff positively refused it. If Henry had lived until after that Pope's death, he might possibly have added another crime of forgery to those already spoken of.

"If," says Froude, "the Anglo-Normans forged such a sanction to color their conquest, they committed a crime which ought to be exposed." This they did do, and the crime which remained so long hidden under the mantle of obscurity has been exposed only within the last few years, in all its hideousness, to the view of nations. It is a crime without parallel in history. F. C.

#### The Irish Cause and the American Republic.\*

We are assembled here this evening to pay a common tribute of respectful sympathy to a people whose very name has become, all over the earth, a synonym for hospitality, for patriotism, and for faith. Go where we will, the gallant sons of Erin are to be found in every clime, marshalled under every flag, and implanting everywhere the seeds of a godlike Christianity. As a sweet aromatic, diffused through the air, imparts its own fragrance to the surrounding atmosphere, in like manner the Irish people, in being scattered broadcast over the face of the earth, have imparted, in a measure, their own virtues and heroic qualities to the nations among whom they have chanced to dwell. And on this day—the patronal feast of Erin's bright morning star, St. Patrick—Irishmen, dwelling in every land, from the burning tropics to the icy poles, turn their faces homewards, and with longing hearts transport themselves in vision to the green shores of Ireland; with winged steps they traverse again her hills and vales, now desolate, yet beautiful—so pathetically beautiful—in their very solitude. Again, they revisit the unforgotten towns and villages wherein were spent the happy years of youth; their steps they bend to the silent church-yards, too, where sleep in eternal sleep the dear ones of long ago; tears, which only exiles shed, fall upon the tombstones, and hearts which have braved a thousand storms succumb at the sight of a little mound of earth.

On this day, Irishmen the world over, with green shamrocks, and beneath them homesick hearts, while venerating the memory of their country's beloved apostle St. Patrick, ponder upon the former glory of Erin, and the position she might hold to-day among the nations of the earth. Her history since her captivity is one long story of persecution on the one hand, and of suffering—heroic suffering—on the other. It is the history of heathen Rome and the innocent victims of her cruelty—the Christians—repeated. The persecutions, to deprive the Irish of their faith and of their character as a nation, have not, perhaps, been as violent or extensive as those which deluged the infant Church with blood; but, on the other hand,

they were much more protracted. Ireland's long tale of woe is familiar to you all, and therefore calls for no repetition here. The American people know well how she was entrapped by the wiles of her adversary, and justice vanquished by treachery; well they know the history of those dark periods of misery called "penal times," when for a Catholic to marry one of his own creed was an unpardonable offence; for him to educate his child, a crime; and to worship God, his Creator, an act of high treason! Verily, the courage and indomitable spirit of perseverance which actuated the Irish race during these trials was worthy of the admiration, not only of men, but of the very angels!

For centuries, England left no stone unturned, no avenue untried, that she might wrench from this people their last possession—faith. Hyder Ali, with his innumerable hordes of savages, sweeping over the fertile plains of the Carnatic, and trailing in his wake ruin, devastation, and death, effected not more destruction than did the inhuman Cromwell in his barbarous sack of the Green Island, or than did the swarms of adventurers and plunderers who came after him, and who have made this once happy land the abiding-place of misery. But in poverty, famine, and persecution; in the deprivation of all the rights of humanity; in sickness, in the most acute torments, and in death, the Irish people have clung to their creed as the shipwrecked mariner clings to a spar; and to-day that faith is as pure and unsullied in the sight of Heaven as the day on which it was received from their idolized St. Patrick. Other countries boast of the progress they have made during these centuries, and point with pride to their mighty ships of war, their legions of well-armed and disciplined soldiers, their millions of contented inhabitants; and poor, oppressed, heart-broken Ireland—once the foremost among the nations of the world, as regards material power and spendor—can now lift up her faith to the sight of Heaven, and claim the first and foremost place among the *Christian* nations of the earth.

America has noted all this. She has gazed with sympathizing tears upon the struggles of the Irish people for civil and religious rights. She has marked their valor. Her great, big, tyranny-hating, liberty-loving heart has warmed towards them; and, pointing out her vast fields of untilled acres, and the freedom to be enjoyed under her constitution and laws, she has invited them to her shores. Nor has Ireland been loath to accept the proffered hand of friendship. From the year of the great famine (1849), there has been a constant and ever-increasing stream of immigration to the United States from Ireland. Myriads of her sturdy sons have left home and kindred to seek prosperity and happiness in our great Republic. They have found this atmosphere of liberty congenial to their tastes, and have induced thousands of their countrymen also to cast their fortunes in the New World.

And in the Nation's hour of peril, when that gigantic rebellion, which came so near disrupting the Union, burst forth, then did these descendants of the ancient Celts prove their fidelity to their

\* Oration of the day, delivered at the Columbian entertainment on St. Patrick's Day, by JAMES A. BURNS.



adopted country. The mind pauses in admiring wonder when contemplating the heroic achievements of the forever famous Irish Brigade, and of such men as that sterling patriot, Corcoran; of gallant Mulligan; of the intrepid and indomitable Shields; of chivalric Maher; and of our far-famed, modest, yet immortal, Phil Sheridan. It is unnecessary to speak in detail of the achievements of these men; their lives and deeds are familiar to every schoolboy in the land. Their names are inseparably linked to those of Grant, Sherman, Logan, and the other great heroes of the war, whose own glory is so closely united with the Republic's preservation that they shall be venerated by a grateful people forever more. Let it suffice to say that during the Rebellion the Irish, on a hundred battlefields, and by unnumbered privations and sufferings, purchased—dearly purchased—that sympathy for Ireland which America to-day evinces, and that they proved themselves in every way worthy of their adopted country, of the land of their birth, and of their national character. During the years that have elapsed since the close of the civil war, the Irish in America have waited and watched, with never-failing hope, for some sign of the deliverance of their beloved country from the bondage of servitude; nor have they waited in vain.

Just as of old the Almighty raised up great leaders who should guide his chosen people into the Promised Land, so, too, has He bestowed upon Ireland from time to time men of extraordinary ability, whose destiny it is to cheer and guide the nation in their long and weary march to freedom. If the name of Ireland's great Liberator be dear to the hearts of his countrymen, and respected and honored throughout the world, not less so is that of the man who, by his own genius, has converted into a phalanx of infrangible strength the hitherto scattered fragments of Ireland's Parliamentary force—Charles Stewart Parnell! With the advent of Parnell came the first streaks of the golden dawn which, as we all hope, is but the forerunner of a day of glorious sunshine for long-suffering, down-trodden, yet dear old Ireland. This great mind not only consolidated the political strength of the Irish in the Parliament of Great Britain, but he did more; he instructed his willing countrymen in America how to co-operate with the efforts of both himself and his colleagues across the water; by his sagacity, his prudence, and his statesman-like qualities, he enlisted also in the struggle the active sympathy of the whole American people; he tore off the mask England was wearing, seeking to justify herself before civilized humanity as regards her treatment of Ireland. This noble leader has shown the English Government to the world in its true colors—a merciless tyrant, an unfeeling monster!

But Ireland, if dependant upon herself alone, could not have battled so successfully for her rights as she has done for the past dozen years. To keep up the fight against England's titled lords, backed by unlimited capital and an inconceivable bigotry, something more than patriotism, however ardent, was needed. This want poverty-stricken Ireland herself could not supply, and she therefore ap-

pealed for aid to her children and their descendants in America. Never was an appeal more generously responded to. The servant-maid's mite, the workingman's dollar, the rich man's hundreds,—all have been given with such a hearty "God speed!" that they cannot fail to carry with them the benediction of Heaven. Nor were the donors confined to Irishmen and their descendants alone. Thousands of liberty-loving Americans helped to swell the funds, until they more than exceeded the most sanguine expectations. It can be seen, therefore, what an important part the Irish in our own land are called upon to take in behalf of their own country, if with any chance of success they would continue the fight. And those persons, who, while professing to be Irish, yet complain of this continual drain upon their purses, should bear in mind the fact that nothing has ever been gained without perseverance; and also that, the more severe and protracted the battle, the more glorious will be the victory, the more decided the result.

Never were Ireland's prospects brighter than at present. Under the leadership of the great Parnell, the Irish are a unit in the demand for their rights. One-third of the English people have already, through the influence of the "Grand Old Man"—William E. Gladstone—become reconciled to, and advocates of, a policy of conciliation in her regard. The foremost nations of Europe are her sympathizers in the great struggle; and the American people, whose judgment England dare not slight, have already raised their voice in behalf of Ireland, and denounced, in scathing terms, the tyranny of her persecutor. England has no longer to contend with the inhabitants of Ireland alone; their brothers and sympathizers in America, as well as in other countries, have also entered the contest, and I think it safe to say that they will not cease until justice shall be done. And as long as the Irish are guided by the wisdom of their present leaders, victory is theirs. Home rule is already within their grasp, and home rule will be but the first step to liberty. With good reason, therefore, may Irishmen to-day, looking back upon the long night of persecution from which their country is emerging, rejoice in the bright prospects now opening out to her. But let their joy not diminish, even for time, their efforts for the liberation of Ireland. The struggle is nearing a close, and all that is required is one united, continued, final effort. For, as surely as there is a God in heaven, and that God infinitely just, so surely shall Ireland be rewarded for her heroic and successful resistance against all the powers of hell; and that reward shall be—according to her heart's desire—liberty. Then, in the words of the martyred Emmet, "shall she take her stand among the nations of the earth"; then shall the green flag once more wave proudly in the breeze, and the hills and vales and charming meadows of Erin—the "Isle of Saints"—be once more made gladsome by the presence of a prosperous and happy people; while from the lips of countless millions shall arise that cry which to-day resounds throughout the earth wherever the Celtic race is represented, "Ireland forever"—*Erin go bragh!*

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 19, 1887.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

## Total Abstinence.

The Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., delivered a very instructive lecture on "Total Abstinence," on Sunday evening, before the students assembled in Washington Hall. Father Cooney's labors in this grand cause are well known throughout the land, and his discourses on the subject are always replete with wisdom, and more than ordinarily instructive to the hearer. Such was the character of the lecture on Sunday last, as may be seen from the following brief synopsis:

The subject of temperance is one which is now engaging the attention of the greatest minds of the age. No one who has at heart the welfare of mankind and the preservation of our Christian civilization can be indifferent to it. No one can shut his eyes to the fact that the *abuse* of liquor, in all its forms, threatens the very destruction of society; for it is the main source of all the poverty, wretchedness and misery to be seen everywhere in society. And this is true, not only of the United States, but also of every civilized nation on the globe.

Of the condition of England in this respect we have statistics, published eight years ago, by Canon Farrar, an English clergyman of high repute. Upon his authority we find that, "one out of every thirty of the inhabitants of Great Britain is a pauper," and that "intemperance is the main cause."

"In England," he says, "there are annually 326,902 arrests for drunkenness alone. There are 500,000 drunkards 350,000 liquor-sellers, and 130,000 saloons, or places where liquor is sold; and yet this does not represent one-tenth part the shame, the ruin, the misery, the loss and the burden which are directly due to this awful sin."

Imagine, then, the fearful work of this army of destroyers in a single year! and when we consider

that the United States are no better—if not worse—you can form something of an idea of the extent of the evil, and the importance and necessity of *temperance* agitation. I shall mention only one fact—and it tells the extent of the evil in the United States—namely, that in the single city of Chicago there are 4980 saloons, and the drink bill is \$30,000,000 annually. The drink bill of the whole United States, by the most careful calculation, amounts to the enormous sum of \$900,000,000. Add to this the sorrowful fact that the greater part of this immense sum of money comes from the hard earnings of the working classes. Two years of *total abstinence* would wipe out our present national debt. No wonder, then, that during the past year there were in the United States 2,225 *published* suicides—and God alone knows how many hundreds more that were concealed to avoid disgrace. Canon Farrar, speaking of his own country, said:

"Take away liquor, and we might shut up nine-tenths of our gaols, poor houses and insane asylums, and dismiss one-half of our police force. . . . Drunkenness is the national sin of England and Scotland"

The same can be truthfully said of the United States. Drunkenness is our national sin. The celebrated Dr. Wm. Parker, of New York, declares:

"The extent to which liquor is used in the United States is truly alarming. It must be stopped, or our civilization must die out. It is the chief cause of all the prevailing crime, vice, idiocy and suicides in the country, and these are increasing every day."

Here is the unquestionable testimony of one who, as a physician and philanthropist, has studied this subject and its bearing on the prosperity of the country. It is declared by the most reliable statistics that "the manufacture, sale and consumption of liquor in the United States have doubled within the past seventeen years" that is, since 1870. I have spoken only of England and the United States; but the same may be said of Germany, France, and other nations in proportion to population. Intemperance, then, is confined to no particular nation or race. The crime of drunkenness is the frightful epidemic of the human race; and it has always been so. Nearly fifteen hundred years ago, St. John Chrysostom, the golden-tongued Patriarch of Constantinople, declared drunkenness to be "the scourge of the human race." If this was true at the end of the fourth century, how much more truly can it be asserted of the human race to-day! for there never was an age when as much liquor was consumed as at the present time, according to population. The extent of the consumption of liquor appears to keep pace with civilization. What a disgrace to the boasting enlightenment of the nineteenth century! Hence it is, students of Notre Dame, that, seeing the danger to which you are exposed when you leave your *Alma Mater*, the authorities of Notre Dame have organized amongst you total abstinence societies in which you can be drilled to habits of total abstinence, and warned against the dangers that beset you on every side when you leave here. Half the battle is to *know where the*

*danger is.* If, in the battle of life, you are conquered by liquor, for what purpose did you study the various sciences, from the lowest to the highest? Your life becomes a failure and a disgrace, not only to your family, but also to humanity. In the meritorious work of organizing total abstinence societies among her students, Notre Dame, I believe, stands alone among the educational institutions of the United States; and the Press of the country have justly lauded her wisdom upon this point. And, considering the dangers to which young men are daily exposed, it is a public recognition of the fact that the habit of total abstinence is one of the most precious elements of a young man's education; for it is the protection of all the others. It is also in recognition of this fact that "The Total Abstinence National Union" did Notre Dame the honor of holding its annual Convention here last August.

Notre Dame claims no merit to herself on this point; she is simply discharging her duty to you, whose welfare she prizes highly. Here I may remind you of the fact that, for the inauguration of the temperance movement among the students of Notre Dame the credit is especially due to your beloved President, Rev. Father Walsh.

Temperance is moderation in eating or drinking; and in this respect it is a Christian and cardinal virtue. Man is lifted to the dignity of being the image and likeness of his Creator, God made him a sharer in His own divine perfections. Now, the principal perfections of God are three: *Knowledge*, *Love*, and *Freedom*. God is absolute knowledge, and He has given man an intellect to acquire knowledge and share in His own. Man, then, by his intellect and reason, aided by faith, can soar aloft to the very throne of his Creator and see the reward which God has prepared for those who submit their reason and intelligence to His holy will. God is infinite Love, and He has given man a heart capable of love, and so capacious that nothing but God Himself can satisfy it. Hence it rejects all created things as insufficient; for God created man's heart for Himself.

God is absolute Freedom, and He gave man the gift of freedom, or free-will; for, if man were not free he would not be the image of his Creator. Freedom, then, is the source of man's merit. Man being free, he is enabled to unite his will with the will of his Creator, and in this union consists man's perfection. Thus gifted with *mind*, *heart*, or *love*, and *free-will*, man, assisted by God's grace, can successfully resist the attacks of all the devils in hell, and keep his soul pure in the loving embrace of his Creator. God fights his battles, and he must be victorious, as long as he remains faithful to his Lord and Master. Thus gifted and thus protected, we may ask, what power can *overcome* him? Is there any demon in hell that can conquer him, or rob him of these God-like gifts? The demon of hatred, envy and revenge may induce him to commit injustice and even murder; but his gifts of intellect, heart and free-will still remain. The demon of lust and impurity may cause him to steep his soul in the crimes of Sodom,

but his gifts, though impaired, still remain; and these constitute his manhood. He is still a *man*. Is there anyone, among all the devils in hell that can deprive him of these gifts—the stamp of his Creator—and thus annihilate his humanity? Alas! there is one, and *only one*—and that one is the demon of *drunkenness*. He alone can stand over the prostrate form of the drunken man and insult the Creator of all things. He can say: "O God, if Thou be the Author of nature and grace, show me in this man the proof of Thy claims? His intellect is gone; his heart is incapable of love, his will and freedom are gone! These gifts he delivered willingly to me, and sacrificed them on the altar of drunkenness. Infinite and omnipotent as Thou art, O God, Thou art powerless to wrest this man from my possession. He is mine, by every right and title!" And *this* scene is being enacted every day around us, without exciting more than a passing thought!

Young men, this wretched being was once a moderate drinker. Beware of the danger, then, and seek the surest remedy against so terrible a fate by uniting yourselves with the Total Abstinence Society—of which most of the best students of the University are faithful members.

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#### St. Patrick's Day.

Thursday last was St. Patrick's Day. The manner in which it was observed at Notre Dame is described in our local columns. Throughout the United States it was celebrated with at least the usual ardor and enthusiasm. Indeed, in all quarters of the world it was honored with recognition and observance. The widely scattered children of Erin celebrated it according to their opportunities in every civilized land. The guns that thundered the reveille from the ports, and havens, and shipping of every nation and seaport were heard that morning with a peculiar exultation and significance by the "sea-divided Gael." And when the sun rose to a higher altitude in the heavens the day was made merry by the marching of processions, the music of bands, the waving of banners, and the fluttering of emblems of green in the bracing air of parting Winter. In the evening followed banquets and oratory, music and merriment. And thus, as the light went circling around the globe, passing in a wave of splendor from land to sea and from sea to land, the 17th of March was successively observed and celebrated in nation after nation until its observance made the circuit of the earth. But probably in no country upon which the sun shone in all the 24 hours of the day, while continents and oceans passed before it in review, was there a sadder, gloomier, or less enthusiastic celebration of it than in the "old land" itself.

Misgoverned, oppressed, in chains, poor Erin staggers and almost faints under the crushing weight of her misfortunes. Too melancholy the past, too lowering the present, too dark the future for the genuine rejoicing and joyous celebration of



St. Patrick's Day in that unhappy land—in Erin's blighted borders. But, like the poor old mother who goes down to the sea-shore to sob "farewell" to her children, and to give them her parting blessing as they leave for foreign lands, hoping to be able to send her from abroad the means to provide the necessities of life, if not its comforts, and as her tear-filled eyes follow them till the steamer becomes a mere speck on the horizon, and then disappears in the distant mists of the ocean, so sad Hibernia looks wistfully through her tears to her scattered children across the foaming main, as she leans wearily upon her broken spear, and lays aside her stringless harp. Here and in other lands she sees them uniting to celebrate her national day—the anniversary peculiarly hers—and the spectacle touches her tender heart and fills her tranquil spirit with a holy calm and patience. Her courage is renewed. Her hope is revived. Comfort, hope, and courage she finds in the constancy, fidelity and cherished aspirations of her children. In whatever quarter of the world they are, no matter how varied their pursuits or exalted their stations, they fondly think of, and longingly look toward her at least on St. Patrick's Day. But there are some of them who frequently meditate on her dejection and misery, and never cease to regard her with feelings of love, pity and sympathy. For her distress they have sorrow; for her helplessness, regret; for her poverty, open and generous hands; for her misgovernment, indignation; for her corruptly-effected and bribe-bought subjugation, cherished hopes of succor; for her undeserved humiliation, prayers to God, who says "Vengeance is Mine!" From every land they greet her with demonstrations of affection on St. Patrick's Day, and it is but right and proper that she should find inspiration and read the promise of a brighter future in their love and fidelity. For,

"Her chains as they rankle, her blood as it runs,  
But makes her more painfully dear to her sons."

Well it is that St. Patrick's Day is so generally observed and celebrated. The demonstrations distinguishing it awaken respect throughout the world for the cause that inspires them. It is now known to the people of every race and nation that the persecution, and the sufferings, and the tyranny, and the outrages to which Ireland has so long and mercilessly been subjected by the laws and minions of her loathed oppressor, are ascribable solely to her invincible faith, courage, patriotism, and love of liberty. All these are admired and extolled by the great majority of mankind; and it is on this account that the friends of the Irish cause are limited to no particular race or nation. Everywhere they are to be found; and everywhere they express themselves in the language of criticism, indignation or contempt when characterizing the system of government that works such flagrant wrong, injustice and oppression. Their voice—the voice of world-wide indignation and protest—has been heard by the oppressor, the tyrant, the coercionist; and for very shame he pauses in his infamous work of spoliation and destruction. That voice, supplementing the earnest and emphatic voice of Ireland,

stung the conscience and awakened the remorse of some of the advanced thinkers and liberal statesmen of Great Britain, and they answered it by proposing a limited measure of justice and redress for the wrongs of the present and the accumulated iniquities and outrages of the past.

This was, as Mr. Gladstone says, the smallest measure of justice that Ireland could, or ever would, accept; and, as he solemnly averred, the refusal to grant it would necessarily entail the concession of demands far more radical and subversive of English rule in Ireland. He showed that the act of union between Ireland and England was conceived in iniquity, adopted through bribery, enforced by coercion, and maintained by contrivances most corrupt and infamous. Standing forth the ablest, wisest and most experienced statesman of his country, and addressing Parliament and the people with thrilling earnestness, eloquence and persuasiveness, his admonitions, his appeals, his arguments, deserved better results. They ought to have carried conviction even to the dullest comprehension, to the most stolid listener, to the most obtuse Englishman. They should have made him not less a hero and acknowledged leader of liberal thought and political progress in the estimation of his own countrymen than they did in that of all other men throughout the world. But it was quite the contrary. He was treated with contumely; he and his brave associates were hissed into the shades of private life; the great Liberal party which he led was defeated and broken into fragments; and the domination of English greed, injustice and rapacity still remained firmly fixed and established. At no time again, while present conditions exist, can a greater or more influential champion of the Irish cause appear in England, or a more auspicious occasion for his services present itself. He fairly and ably presented the issue, and upon the trial of it before the people he and his party were defeated. And thus was the English sense of fairness and justice exemplified. Such fairness—what a sham! Such justice—what a juggle!

But in the contest and defeat Irishmen may read a useful and salutary lesson. In its every line it enjoins upon them the duty of "unity and self-reliance."

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not:

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

A hundred times England has proved to Ireland, and a thousand times she has proved to the world, that she surrenders or concedes absolutely nothing that tends to promote her interests, to gratify her avarice, or to extend her territorial area and power, unless in the presence of imminent danger or superior force. And while Ireland is too small in size and too limited in resources to threaten imminent danger or to exhibit superior force, yet she can pursue a policy very likely to make even the most obtuse Englishman question whether the maintenance of the iniquitous act of union tends to promote the interests of England. Ireland can at least be "a thorn in the side of England," and if it prove to be a big thorn, suppuration must almost inevitably set in, and it does not require a doctor

to see that in the progress of suppuration the thorn is released and falls out. She can continue her agitation, she can keep her forces united, she can tear the mask from the English Mokanna, she can expose "Perfidious Albion" to the scorn of mankind. The pretense that England is in the van of European civilization can be exposed in all its shallowness, egotism and absurdity by pointing to her treatment of Gladstone as soon as he gave expression to his sympathy with Ireland—by her ostracizing from public life her greatest statesman because he hearkened to and obeyed the simplest dictates of justice and advancing civilization. It can be exposed by pointing to her bayonet rule, coercion and tyranny in Ireland. It can be exposed by showing the ruthless manner in which she robs, cheats and impoverishes the people and devastates the land.

And these St. Patrick's Day celebrations are not without some effect in tending to compass that end. As has already been stated, they awaken interest in and respect for the cause that inspires them. They direct public attention to the rapacity and falsity, perfidy and hypocrisy of England. They are not without some influence in causing other nations to regard her with distrust and unfriendliness, if not absolute contempt. She feels this to be true. She has no allies among the nations, and the "galled jade" winces at their reproaches. She hears

"On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal, universal hiss; the sound  
Of public scorn."

This fact was fully appreciated by Gladstone and his liberal followers. They reasonably supposed that the partial loss of Ireland would be more conducive to the promotion of English interests than her continued subjection by compulsion to a loathed political alliance, at the cost of the hatred of Irishmen everywhere and the reproaches and contempt of all civilized nations. They think that they hold Ireland under the bayonet rule at too great a cost; and a very effective policy it would probably be to pursue a course likely to make the majority of Englishmen view the situation in the same light and come to the same opinion.

It can be done. The Ireland of to-day is not the Ireland of penal times. It is a bold statement, but facts warrant it, that there is a smaller percentage of illiterate young men in Ireland than in England or any other European country. This is a new order of things. The imperishable spirit of independence, which ever and ever craves freedom for Ireland, directed at the earliest moment practicable that all children should be sent to school; and for the past 30 or 40 years, or since it became possible to send them, this has been faithfully done. These young men can neither be deceived nor intimidated. They read their rights in the light of the civilization that freed the serfs and emancipated and enfranchised the slaves. They read the signs of the immediate future in the light of events that distinguish this as peculiarly the age of Freedom—when "Liberty enlightens the

world" by the compact and consent of nations—when kings are mere figureheads and the people masters. They know that the times change, and that men change with them, and unitedly and patiently they await the realization of the hope inspired by the logic of events. They see that, in the logic of events, the emancipation of the slaves and the serfs is a decisive step in the direction of giving freedom, in full and unrestricted measure, to the smaller and weaker countries held under the dominion of the more powerful by means of bayonets and coercion. They accept in the best of faith Mr. Gladstone's assurance that Ireland will never again demand or agree to take as small a measure of justice as that contained in his Home Rule bill. And may St. Patrick's Day be celebrated, and processions march, and banners wave, and emblems of green be worn until, in obedience to the logic of events and the demands of our civilization, Ireland shall become what God, who spread out the tempestuous ocean around her borders and separated her from all other countries, evidently destined her to be—*independent of all outside control—free as the ocean that circles around her, or the wind that blows over her fragrant fields and emerald hills and valleys!*

#### The Columbians.

The entertainment given by the Columbian Association of the University, last Thursday afternoon, in honor of St. Patrick's Day, was one of the most successful of the kind ever given at Notre Dame. As customary, the exercises were made complimentary to the Vice-President of the University, Rev. Father Zahm, and an unusually large but select audience from South Bend and other cities attended. The programme, as carried out, will be found printed in our local columns.

Promptly at four o'clock the vast audience was seated in the capacious auditorium of Washington Hall, and the University Band opened the exercises with a stirring medley of patriotic airs. Our band seems to be in excellent organization, but they are too sparing in their numbers. Mr. T. O'Regan delivered an address to Rev. Father Zahm, replete with sentiments expressive of high regard for the scholarly attainments and genial good nature of our worthy Vice-President, and on behalf of the Association, formally dedicated to him the exercises of the evening. The address was greeted with great applause. Mr. A. McFarland next appeared and sang that old, but ever new, song—"Eileen Alanna." His fine tenor voice was used with great feeling and good taste, and he merited prolonged applause.

The Oration of the day was delivered by Mr. James Burns. It reflected great credit upon the speaker, both as regards delivery and composition, and the hearty appreciation of the audience was evinced by the frequent outbursts of applause with which many salient passages were greeted. It will be found printed elsewhere in this paper. The

University Orchestra then rendered Von Suppé's "Les Manteaux Noirs," in which, as well as in another number subsequently rendered, the skill and the judicious direction of the players were displayed to the best advantage. We may mention here that among the other musical features which imparted a pleasing variety to the entertainment were the harp solos executed by Signor Maroni, who revealed to a delighted audience the possession of rare skill on this beautiful instrument.

The great event of the evening was the drama, in five acts, of

"DAMON AND PYTHIAS"

presented by the Columbians. A notice of this play was given in a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC, so that it need not be referred to now. Suffice it to say that the manner in which it was presented by the Columbians was eminently satisfactory, and elicited the highest encomiums from a large, critical and delighted audience. The "mounting" of the play, with all the accessories of scenic effects and appropriate costumes, was all that could be desired, and reflected great credit upon those in charge. Each and every one of the players entered into the spirit of his rôle and displayed commendable fidelity as well as good elocutionary talent in the rendition of his part. The interest of the drama, of course, centred upon *Damon* (Mr. T. J. O'Regan), *Pythias* (Mr. L. Greever), and *Dionysius* (Mr. P. Brownson), each of whom sustained his difficult part with great effectiveness. Mr. A. McFarland as "Callicles" showed great power in the portrayal of his character, and Messrs. G. O'Kane as "Procles," G. Crilly as "Philistius," and H. Hull as "Damocles," were also very effective, and contributed in no slight degree to the general success of the drama. Master F. Crotty made an excellent "child of Damon." On the whole, the unanimous verdict of the audience was that it was one of the most successful entertainments given at Notre Dame in many a day.

R.

Local Items.

- The day we celebrate!
- Little Mac has it in him.
- Winter lingers in the lap of Spring.
- "Damon and Pythias" was an unqualified success.
- We missed the usual serenade by the Band on Thursday last.
- "Lucullus" was pretty badly scared—so were some in the audience.
- We think we are safe in awarding the whole bakery to the Columbians.
- Rev. President Walsh lectured at Watertown, Wis., on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. Rev. Father Morrissey preached the panegyric of the Saint on the same day at Janesville.
- The Columbian entertainment on St. Patrick's Day was successful in every particular. The mu-

sical, literary and dramatic exhibition delighted an unusually large and appreciative audience.

—To-day (Saturday) is the Festival of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church and Titular Patron of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It is observed with becoming solemnity at Notre Dame.

—As you journey through life, it will be singular if you do not meet with persons who take a malicious pleasure in stirring up strifes, creating dissensions, enmities, and the like. But heed them not. Their evil deeds will but act like the boomerang.

—St. Patrick's Day was appropriately observed at Notre Dame. In the morning solemn High Mass was sung in the College church by Very Rev. Father Provincial Corby, assisted by Rev. Fathers Zahm and Spillard as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent sermon on the great festival was delivered by Rev. J. O'Hanlon, C. S. C.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Miss Phillipson, Warsaw, Ind.; Mrs. D. W. Earl, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Garrity, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. Hake, Master Paul Hake, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. J. T. Hart, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mrs. G. W. Kingsnorth, Sioux City, Iowa; F. G. Fritz, Grand Rapids, Mich.; D. Cavanagh, Fairbault, Minn.

—A meeting of the Junior Branch of the Archconfraternity was held Sunday evening, March 13. Masters Goebel, Chute and Cavanagh read papers, respectively on "Our Lady of Lourdes," "Help of Christians," and "St. Aloysius." Masters O'Kane and Ewing were appointed to prepare essays for the next meeting, after which an interesting instruction was given by Rev. Father Hudson.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.:—Crozier used by Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding; jewelled mitre used by Rt. Rev. Bishop de St. Palais; photo-engravings of Archbishop Leray, Archbishop Elder and Archbishop Williams, from James Wood. Letter written by Archbishop Eccleson to Mrs. Ann Carroll, of Duddington; portrait of Bishop Portier, from Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Sullivan. Autograph letter of Bishop Dubourg, describing the hardships of his journey through Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh when he went to take possession of the diocese, from S. G. Original letter of Bishop Bruté to Bishop Chabrat, in which he speaks of the edifying death of Father Thayer, formerly a minister of Boston, from Mr. Webb. Portrait of Bishop Junger, from G. Senert. Photographs of Bishop Bradley, Bishop O'Hara and Bishop Northrop, from Sister Monica. Episcopal ring worn by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Regan, third Bishop of Chicago, and willed by him to his nephew, Rev. F. O'Regan, C. M., who presented it to the second Bishop of Buffalo, received from Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan. Memorial Volume of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore; *Acta et Decreta Concilii Plenarii Baltimorensis Tertii, A. D. MDCCCLXXXIV, Præsidi Illmo. ac Revmo. Jacobo Gibbons, Archiepiscopo Balt. et Delegato Apostolico.*

—The following letter, from Mr. J. E. Berry, of Montrose, Col., to his son Elmer, may be of interest to our local antiquarians:—"I have a couple of Indian relics which I will send you for the Historical Department, if the Director has not already more perfect specimens. They are vessels used by the Indians for carrying water. They are made of the same material of which the Indians made baskets, but are so closely woven and lined with a kind of pitch made from boiling the green branches of the pine tree, that they were waterproof. In excavating for the Uncompagne canal, it was necessary to make a twelve-foot cut through a point of sand stone. About seven or eight feet below the surface a small cavern was opened, which had evidently been occupied as an Indian habitation. In it I found these vessels and a great many curious things, such as bows, arrows, war clubs, pouches, moccasins, etc. As there was no entrance to the cavity to be discovered, I am led to suppose that it had been closed many years ago by the settling down of the surrounding rock, and from the general appearance of the surface, surroundings, growth of cedars, formation of soil, etc., I am satisfied these articles were left there a few centuries ago. They are, undoubtedly, the work of the Navajos, the most crafty of the western tribes, although they were found on the old Ute reservation. The Navajos, undoubtedly, occupied this territory about three hundred years ago, when they were driven North by the southern tribes, after a series of terrible battles. While I was absent from my tent, some curiosity hunters came along one day and relieved me of all the articles found, except these two water-jugs. These were out of sight, or they also would have been taken."

—At the fourteenth annual celebration of St. Patrick's Day, by the Columbian Association, complimentary to Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C., Vice-President of the University, the exercises were conducted according to the following

## PROGRAMME:

## PART I.

Italian Prize Quickstep (*Faust*).....N. D. U. C. Band  
Address.....T. J. O'Regan  
Tenor Solo, "Eileen Alanna," (*Thomas*)....A. McFarland  
Oration of the Day.....J. A. Burns  
Overture—*Les Manteaux Noirs*.....*Suppé*

University Orchestra.

## "DAMON AND PYTHIAS."

A Drama in Five Acts.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

Damon.....T. O'Regan  
Pythias.....L. Greever  
Dionysius.....Philip V.D. Brownson  
Damacles.....H. Hull  
Procles.....Geo. F. O'Kane  
Philistius.....G. Crilly  
Lucullus.....W. Henry  
First Senator.....A. Gordon  
Second ".....W. Akin  
Third Senator.....C. Duffin  
Fourth ".....E. Porter  
Fifth ".....D. Quill  
Child of Damon.....F. Crotty  
Callicles (his brother).....A. McFarland  
Hermes (his father).....P. Burke  
Soldiers, Citizens, etc.

## AFTER FIRST ACT.

Solo (Harp).....M. Maroni

## AFTER THIRD ACT.

Overture to Franz Schubert (*Suppé*).....Orchestra

## Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Archambeault, M. Akin, Ashton, Aubrey, Beckwith, J. Burke, Becerra, Britt, Brownson, P. Burke, Baca, Barnes, Barrett, Beaupre, Burns, Craig, J. Crowley, W. Crowley, W. Cartier, G. Cartier, C. Combe, F. Combe, E. Coady, Cooper, Craft, Dwyer, W. Dorsey, S. Dorsey, Dore, Dillon, Dreever, Dickenson, Duffin, Eyanson, Finckh, Ford, Fehr, Fry, Gallardo, Gordon, Gibbs, Griffin, Houck, Hummer, Hagerty, Hull, Judie, Jewett, Jorion, Kreutzer, Kelly, Kleiber, Kingsnorth, Kramer, Kenall, Langan, Leonard, Luhn, McManus, McKeon, J. McDermott, T. McDermott, McGinuis, Moffatt, Mulkern, V. Morrison, McNamara, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, McNally, Noonan, Neill, Andrew Nicholl, Alfred Nicholl, Brown, Esch, B. Rohin, O'Rourke, O'Regan, O'Connell, O'Kane, L. O'Malley, J. O'Malley, O'Donnell, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, Paschel, Prichard, \* Quill, E. Ryan, Rheinberger, Rothert, Regan, Rochford, Suing, W. Sullivan, O. Sullivan, Shields, Shannon, Smith, Strasser, Triplett, Velasco, Woodman, Wilson, M. White, Weber, A. Williams, Wagoner, W. Williams, W. White.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Austin, Adams, Anderson, R. Bronson, H. Bronson, Blessington, Bodley, Badger, Bunker, W. Boland, H. Boland, Baca, Burns, Black, Bruce, Braunach, Bunts, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, J. Clarke, Cleveland, Casey, Carney, Cavanagh, Clifford, Cobbs, Cooney, Coad, L. Chute, F. Chute, Curtis, Cartier, G. Cooke, Duffield, Decker, Devine, E. Doss, Dempsey, E. Darragh, T. Darragh, Dunford, Ewing, Fitzharris, Falter, Flood, Fisher, Flynn, Freeman, Galarneau, Goebel, Glenn, Gurten, Hart, Houlihan, T. Hake, A. Hake, Henry, Hannin, Hayes, Hampton, Hoyer, H. Higgins, Handly, Heineman, Howard, Houston, Inks, C. Inderrieden, Jewett, Joyce, Jacobs, Julian, Johns, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Kern, Kain, Kerner, Kutsche, Keating, Kinsella, King, Landenwich, Long, Lane, McKenzie, McCart, Mathewson, McKendry, Monarch, Macatee, McPhee, Mulberger, Morrison, Meehan, Mitchell, McGuire, W. McCormick, J. McCormick, Moncada, McNulty, McDonald, McCambridge, McCabe, Nations, Noud, O'Connor, Ormond, O'Brien, M. O'Kane, O'Shea, O'Hearn, Pfau, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Preston, Roper, Reynolds, Riedinger, Sweet, J. Stephens, B. Stephens, F. Smith, M. Smith, Sullivan, Taliaferro, Tarrant, Tedeus, Vhay, Warner, L. White, H. White, Wade, Walker, Walsh, Welch, Wageman, Wilkin, Weimer, Wile, Daniels.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Boyd, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Boettcher, Black, A. Backrack, H. Backrack, S. Backrack, Clendenin, Cohn, Crotty, W. Connor, C. Connor, Cooke, J. Conners, E. Conners, Doss, Davidson, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Dahler, Foote, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Grant, Garber, Gale, Griffin, Goldmann, Garrabant, H. Huiskamp, J. Huiskamp, Haney, Hillas, Jewett, Kutsche, Keefe, Koester, Kliner, Kane, Kerwin, Kraber, Kinsella, Lewin, Löwenstein, Lane, McIntosh, McDonnell, McPhee, Martin, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, Mahon, L. Mayer, A. Mayer, G. Mayer, Munro, Mason, A. Morgenweck, Mainzer, McGuire, Nester, O'Mara, O'Neill, O'Donnell, Paul, Priestly, Quill, Riordan, Rowsey, Rogers, Savage, Sweet, Stone, Silver, A. Sullivan, F. Sullivan, J. Sullivan, F. Toolen, F. Toolen, Tompkins, Triplett, Taft, A. Williamson, W. Williamson, Weckler, Witkowsky.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The members of the Junior department offer their loving condolence to their dear companion, Margaret Hull, who was summoned to the burial of her beloved father, who died in Omaha, Neb., on Thursday, March 4.

—A steadfast friend of St. Mary's, from Chicago, has added to his numerous contributions to the library, twelve volumes from the matchless pen of Edmund Burke, for which he will please accept grateful acknowledgments.

—Those who competed with Erna Balch, who won the Roman mosaic cross this week, were the Misses E. Blaine, Bridgeman, M. Coll, E. Dempsey, J. Fisher, K. Fisher, Fritz, Geer, L. Griffith, G. Garrity, Hinz, Hughes, Hull, Hunting, Hyman, M. Kennedy, Knauer, Leonard, G. Meehan, N. Morse, Mercer, Rhodes, Prudhomme, Rogers, Stapleton, Stiefel and Weisenbach.

—By mistake the following names were omitted last week in the list of messages and letters of condolence: Rev. Father Galligan, Park City, Utah; Mrs. Wm. Sadlier, New York City; Sisters of Providence, St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo County, Indiana; Miss Libbie Black, Class '74, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Wm. Miller, Messrs. Campbell and Brownsfield, South Bend; Mr. D. Wile and Mr. Beal, Laporte.

—At the regular Academic reunion, Miss Wolvin read Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly's gem-like tribute to our dear departed Mother Angela, also the "In Memoriam" addressed to Mrs. M. M. Phelan, and the messages and letters of condolence published last week. Very Rev. Father General closed the evening with a most affectionate and touching tribute to our beloved departed, recommending her beautiful example to the imitation of all.

—Treasured letters of condolence have been gratefully received from Miss Ellen Eddy, Class '60, South Bend; Mrs. Maggie B. Walker Salisbury, Class '75; Mrs. E. M. Jones, Mrs. C. Bigelow Bosler, Mrs. Col. Otis, Sister M. Veronica, St. Xavier's, Westmorland Co., Penn.; Miss R. V. Roberts, Miss Hemenway, Miss Rachel Bigelow, Miss Alteraugh, Mrs. Gen. Hugh Ewing, Miss Olivia Tong, Miss Rebecca M. Tong, Mrs. L. B. Shephard, Mrs. Minnie Sherman Fitch, Miss Angela Wells Kelly, Mrs. R. D. Fitzhugh, and Mrs. Beardslia, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

—Among the floral offerings to honor the memory of the dear departed MOTHER ANGELA was a large cross of white lilies, presented by her intimate friend, Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago. Lilies were also sent by former pupils of St. Mary's, who reside in Laporte. A remarkably beautiful cross and anchor was also presented by Mrs. Margaret Dillon Cavanagh. The pupils have gener-

ously secured a large number of Masses, and they, too, provided the beautiful floral wreath which, according to the usual custom, is placed on the head of the deceased Sister, and substituted for the crown received at Profession.

—We cannot refrain from presenting the whole, or a portion, of additional letters which are constantly arriving, especially those of old-time friends of St. Mary's. Rev. Father Horgan, Chicago, Ill., writes to a relative in the community:

"Will you convey, in my name, to the members of the community of Holy Cross the deep sorrow I feel for their great loss in the death of Mother Angela? I have just now read the account, and as I am about to say Mass, the Holy Sacrifice will be offered for the repose of her soul. She deserves this much, and more, from me.

"M. HORGAN."

Miss Mary Horgan and Miss Katie Doran, Class '65, dispatched as follows:

ROCKFORD, ILL., March 6, 1887.

DEAR —:

Words cannot express our regret on hearing of the death of Mother Angela. She will be missed by many. You have our sympathy.

K. DORAN, M. HORGAN.

Rev. Father Colovin writes:

DAYTON, WIS., March 9, 1887.

MRS. M. M. PHELAN.

DEAR MADAM:—I have just learned the death of your daughter. Please accept the expression of my sympathy for your grief as cordially sincere.

Yours in Xto,

PATRICK J. COLOVIN.

CHICAGO, March 5, 1887.

MY DEAR —: The sad news of Mother Angela's death, by postal from S—, reached me this morning. What a sad day this must surely be at St. Mary's! Little did I think when I last saw her that it would never be my pleasure to meet her on earth again. What a brilliant, noble, lovable character she truly was! full of laudable, energetic ambition and untiring devotion in her holy mission; her charming manners, wherever she went, ever making friends for herself and St. Mary's; and for all her hard work and devotion she was, no doubt, yesterday rewarded with a crown of immortal glory. God grant it! Please extend my deepest sympathy, in which Mr. Hutchinson and my daughters join, to her dear, broken-hearted mother, Mrs. Phelan, and allow me also to share in the general community sorrow for the great loss which in her death has fallen upon St. Mary's. God comfort you all in this great trial, especially her aged mother.

Yours affectionately,

THOS. HUTCHINSON.

In the course of a letter from a dear religious of Sinsinawa Mound, she says:

"The announcement was, indeed, a surprise and pain to many of St. Clara's inmates, to whom she was known by her reputation of untiring zeal in the service of Catholic education."

George Ewing writes from Lancaster, Ohio:

IDLEWILD, March 8, 1887.

DEAR AUNT MARY:—Papa instructs me to write to you, in order to express our condolence and grief for the great loss which you and all of us have suffered in the death of cousin Eliza. Papa is suffering from pen-paralysis in his fingers, and is unable to write on that account. Papa received a letter from aunt Ellen Sherman yesterday expressing her affliction and her sorrow at not being able to come



out to St. Mary's. Mamma and papa join me in warmest love and regards.

Your very affectionate nephew,

GEORGE EWING.

(for GEN. HUGH EWING.)

Mrs. Belle Burke Clendenin, a pupil in 1858-59, writes to her daughter, under date of March 5, as follows:

"The unexpected and melancholy intelligence of dear Mother Angela's death reached us through the Saturday *Times*; but as there was only a brief mention, we still hoped it might prove a false report; but my hopes were shattered when we received Miss Kearney's message confirming the dreadful truth. It would be impossible for me to attempt to find words capable of expressing how grieved we all were. I cannot write what is in my heart to-night. It is too full; full of a double sorrow for you all at St. Mary's, and for myself. I feel as if the last sacred tie that united me to my dear old home at St. Mary's was severed. We are seldom called upon to mourn the loss of one who will be so greatly missed all over the land; in homes where her old pupils dwell; those who have had the benefit of her kind instructions and loving counsel. Their hearts will be filled with deep sorrow, and heads will be bowed in earnest supplication to our Heavenly Father for submission to His dear will, who has so suddenly called her from our midst. But in no place will she be more missed than at St. Mary's, where she has labored so long and energetically for the benefit of that institution; for it is to her wise and judicious management that it owes its present success. To her dear, aged mother extend our heartfelt sympathy."

Mrs. Eugenia Miller Jones, in the course of a letter, dated Columbus, Ohio, March 10 (addressed to Mrs. Judge Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio), writes:

"Dear Mother Angela, whom I had the pleasure of meeting but a few months since, and whose tranquil, beneficent face—for such is my only remembrance of her—is no longer to be seen amongst you. But how radiant now transfigured in the light of heaven! How calm, how gentle a spirit! Surely she deserves a bright crown. I am very sure

"She is not lost: In youth's bright, sunny morning  
She gave her heart with all its hopes to God;  
And from the world and its allurements turning,  
She meekly walked the path her Master trod."

Mrs. Gen. Thomas Ewing writes to Mrs. Judge Ewing:

YONKERS ON HUDSON, March 7, 1887.

MY DEAR SISTER:

The dispatch from John to Gen. Tom. was opened by me, as he was in Chicago, or on the train returning. I cannot say that I was taken by surprise at the sad news, for Ellen Sherman wrote me a few days before that your dear sister was sick; yet I had no idea she was so very ill; and, knowing how once before she had been brought back almost from death's door, I could not associate the idea of death with her for a long time to come. But, alas! it is the *only certain* thing in this world of uncertainties, and yet it always comes unexpectedly. We all mourn with you, dear Mary, for a beautiful, useful life has gone out from among us. The world was better for her presence in it; and, although it will march relentlessly on, still it will miss the bright, elevating influence of your gifted sister; but you will realize, if one ever does, that your loss is her gain. The bride of Christ on earth, consecrated to His glorious work, she is only happy in being in the presence of her beloved Lord. "Asleep in Jesus!" blessed, quiet sleep, after all her toils and cares! But still the human grief must have sway. It is *here* you will, many, many times, want your beloved sister. And your dear mother, how does she bear up under the blow? She little dreamed of outliving her young and energetic daughter. Truly, the 'battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift,' but

as God has determined. My husband got home Saturday night, and did not know of the telegram till right here. There was a short sketch of Mother Angela's life in the *New York Tribune* yesterday. You will please give my love and sympathy to your dear mother. One by one, she is bereft of her children; but I know she looks forward to meeting you all in heaven, and with this blessed hope she will be upheld. May God bless and keep you all! He only is our support in sorrow. With love and sympathy, I am, dear —, Your affectionate sister,

ELLEN C. EWING.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 10, 1887.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL, C.S.C., *Notre Dame*.

MY DEAR FATHER:—I write to say that Mother Angela's death was so sudden and unexpected to me, that I have scarcely recovered from the shock yet.

She was one of God's noble women. Her heart was as tender as a child's; her sympathies covered the sufferings of all! Her friends loved her for what she was: no woman within the range of my acquaintance had more than she; she was gentle, pure, and noble. I can see her yet, as I last saw her, and the music of her voice seems still in my ears.

As a soldier, I want to leave on record my high appreciation of her invaluable and patriotic services during the late war. She came to us on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in the times of our sorest need. She brought with her an able, efficient and gentle corps of nurses. At any and all places where the poor soldiers were suffering, her gentle hands and those of her splendid assistants ministered unto their wants. There was no disease, however contagious, with which the soldiers were afflicted, from which they shrank. When others faltered, they were firm. By the side of the sick and dying they were always found. Words of loving kindness were ever upon their lips, and the hard couch of death was softened by their presence. Mother Angela was endowed with wonderful executive ability, and nowhere in life was it displayed with more sagacity and wisdom than in the organization and government of the corps of nurses which she gave us during the war.

This is my brief and imperfect tribute to her memory. I feel that I cannot do her justice; but with a constant heart I lay it reverently beside her new-made grave.

Your friend,

W. H. CALKINS.

### Mother Angela.

#### PUBLIC TRIBUTES TO THE DEPARTED RELIGIOUS.

[From the "*Catholic Universe*," Cleveland, Ohio.]

A great woman has died. A true religious has gone to her reward. A busy brain is at rest.

Last Friday, the 4th inst., Mother Angela, well known the world over, died somewhat suddenly and quite unexpectedly at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana, the mother-house of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the United States. She had been ailing for some weeks past, but was not confined to her bed, nor had she shown any signs of the gravity of her sickness, which seems to have ended in paralysis of the heart, superinduced by nervous exhaustion. She never fairly rallied from the death of her saintly brother, Rev. Neal H. Gillespie, who died Nov. 12, 1874. She was seriously sick in 1876 and 1882, both times the result of overwork and nervous exhaustion.

Owing to her great vitality and wonderful will-power, Mother Angela appeared stronger than she really was. Her two attacks of 1874 and 1882 were serious in the extreme, both times going down almost to the grave. To those who closely ob-

served her, her death was not a surprise; yet it was a shock ill to bear, as Mother Angela had an unusual power of creating friends and holding and binding them to herself.

To say that Mother Angela was a rare woman but inadequately tells her worth, or her character. She was not only rare in her womanly character, she was unusually gifted in her mental powers. Creative, directive, far-seeing, big-minded, yet withal so gentle and womanly; deeply religious, highly cultivated, gentle, loving, deeply sympathetic in joy or in sorrow; rarely surrounded, both in her secular and religious life: beginning her life and her work with the beginning of that wonderful and unparalleled expansion of Catholicity that has marked the Church during the last sixty years, her position and talents have enabled her to do far beyond expectation or usual ability. Mother Angela will not be again duplicated, but her works will live after her, and will continue to grow, keeping green, for long yet to come, her memory and her name.

Mother Angela was born February 21, 1824, at Brownsville, Pa., and was baptized by Rev. Patrick Rafferty, who was wont at that time to visit Brownsville, as a mission attended from Pittsburgh where he was stationed with the celebrated Father McGuire. She was first cousin to Hon. James G. Blaine, and sister-in-law to Hon. Judge Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio, a brother of Gen. Ewing and Mrs. General Sherman.

Mother Angela, *née* Eliza Maria Gillespie, was an exceedingly precocious child, and as a young woman was much courted for her brilliancy of intellect, noted learning, deep religious spirit and active Christian charity. She was educated at the Academy of the Visitation nuns, Georgetown, and during her stay in Washington was much admired.

In her 26th year the longing of her life culminated in her determination to devote herself to the cause of religion and education. With this purpose she started for Chicago to become a Sister of Mercy, but on the way stopped at Notre Dame, Indiana, to see her brother, the late Rev. Neal H. Gillespie, who was then studying at the University with the intention of entering the Order of the Holy Cross. The Very Rev. Father Sorin persuaded her to give up her trip to Chicago, and to become a Sister of the Holy Cross. So, in 1850, she entered the small community of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, then lately established near Notre Dame. She was sent to France, where she made her novitiate, and in due time returned to America, to become one of the most noted figures among our female religious.

For thirty-seven years Mother Angela has been prominently before the world, a leading factor in the cause of religion and charity. At once she became prominent in her community. Under her management her Order has grown into position and power, becoming one of the leaders in education. Few had a keener appreciation of the defects and necessities in our present system of education. Again and again she visited Europe in quest of

subjects for her Order, always returning with numerous recruits. Her busy brain never rested. Under her guidance, schools, academies, hospitals, reformatories and asylums rose and flourished. Nothing seemed either too great or too small for care. Brought into contact with the ablest in Church and State, she was able to deal with the great as readily as to entertain and direct the young. She had great tact to accommodate herself to times and circumstances, bringing sunshine wherever she came.

After God, she was the nursing hand that brought back from the grave our Rt. Rev. Bishop who, in 1874, fell so seriously ill while on a visit to St. Mary's, Indiana. Since that time, Mother Angela has been twice seriously sick, both attacks being the result of over-work and nervous prostration.

Mother Angela is the author of two series of school readers: the Metropolitan, that in its day did good service in our Catholic schools, and the Excelsior, now well known as a competitor for position among the other rivals for fame and patronage.

During the war Mother Angela took with her thirty religious of her community and devoted herself unselfishly to the care of the sick and wounded of the army. She and her devoted band are well known and most gratefully remembered, both by officers and men among the noble women who so generously gave themselves to the hospitals during the war.

Under her care and guidance the little St. Ann's that constituted the convent and possessions of her Order when she entered, and which was in time rolled some four miles to the site of the present St. Mary's, has grown to the large and costly Academy, convent, church, etc., together with the numerous other foundations of schools, academies, hospitals and asylums that dot the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Everything she touched grew and flourished. Her name was a guarantee of success.

At her death, Mother Angela had just completed her 63d year. Her mother still lives, enjoying, in her 83d year, remarkably good health.

Mother Angela has left a large void, not only in her community, of whom she has been for thirty-seven years so prominent and active a member, but among her widespread acquaintance in Europe and America.

We present to her community, her family and friends, and particularly to Very Rev. Father Sorin, who has lost in her so able a co-laborer in the management and direction of the community of which he is Superior, our most sincere sympathy in this great trial that has come upon them, and we ask the prayers of the many whom she in life has blessed, to pray for her now that she is gone to her reward.

Her funeral took place last Sunday, the 6th, at which friends from far and near assisted. Rev. L. J. L'Etourneau, assisted by Revs. D. J. Spillard and J. A. Zahm as deacon and subdeacon, said the Mass of Requiem. Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour preached.  
R. I. P. G.

[From the "Chicago News."]

With the death of Mother Mary of St. Angela, which occurred at St. Mary's Convent Notre Dame, Ind., on the 4th inst., ended one of the most brilliant and eventful careers that ever fell to the lot of a woman—a career as varied in its methods of usefulness as in its variety of adornment. In the drawing-room as a leader of society, in the brilliant assemblages at the national capital, in the cloister among the emblems of her faith, in the hospital and on the field of battle alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded and offering the consolation of religion to the dying, laying some sanitary measure of pressing importance before the authorities at Washington, or superintending the instruction of youth at St. Mary's Academy, the deceased *religieuse* was at once brilliant and charming, tender and sympathetic, vigorous and resourceful. To write the history of her life complete would be to review society at Washington in one of its most brilliant periods; to trace many of the Catholic female educational institutions of the time back to their earliest days, and to recall some of the most thrilling experiences of the war of the rebellion. For a few years following the butterfly of fashion, but not intoxicated by its gayeties, then doffing the worldly garb, donning the sombre hues of the *religieuse*, and entering upon the life and duties of a nun with all that the word implies. This epitomizes her career, but it gives no details of a life replete with noble aims and deeds that live a monument to her memory more enduring than granite or bronze. A great light has gone out, but the shadows are not cast alone upon the Church she loved and served. The cause of religion, of humanity, of education in every line and branch, will feel the severance of this great root, and all over this broad land there is sorrow for the personal loss sustained and concern for the causes to the advocacy and promotion of which the greater part of her life was devoted. It is faint praise to say that Mother Angela was a great woman. She rose above mere greatness, and was essentially and wholly good. . . . Through all the phases of her eventful career she carried the sunshine of a pure heart and a noble mind, and won the affection and esteem of all with whom she came in contact.

[From the "Chicago Citizen."]

Thousands of people of all races and creeds throughout the United States were shocked to read in the morning papers of March 5 of the sudden death, on the day preceding, of the Rev. Mother Angela, at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. We were in Philadelphia when we read the sad news, and the death of the noble and saintly lady was mourned there by a vast number of people, whose daughters had had the advantage of her superb training at the famous Academy. Protestant and Catholic alike felt the blow as a personal bereavement, for Mother Angela was a lady whose gentleness and toleration equalled her exalted spirit and her radiant piety. No more devoted religious ever knelt to worship God in a

cloister cell, and no more zealous and able instructor of American womanhood ever gave her great talents to the service of humanity. Beautiful in person in her young springtime, accomplished as few women of her generation were, she, in the prime of her days, preferred her God to the world, and, since her entry into the Order of the Holy Cross, at the age of 25, her career had been one of highest usefulness, and of the most devoted self-sacrifice.

### Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND EXACT OBSERVANCE OF ACADEMIC RULES.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Allnoch, Brady, Blaine, Blair, Bub, Bates, Brophy, Beschamang, Birdsall, E. Coll, Cogley, E. Claggett, B. Claggett, Dillon, M. Duffield, C. Dempsey, H. Dempsey, Dart, Desenberg, E. Dunkin, Egan, Ewing, M. Fuller, Faxon, Flannery, Fravel, Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Guise, Gavan, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, M. Hutchinson, L. Hutchinson, Johnson, Kearsey, Kearney, Kearns, Kingsbury, Kennedy, McHale, Miner, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, Morse, Murphy, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, McCormick, Marsh, Moore, McCarthy, Moran, O'Conner, Negley, Neff, Patrick, Pierson, Proby, G. Regan, Riedinger, Rose, E. Regan, Reed, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard, Stadtler, Shields, Sterns, M. Smith, Stafford, Stocksdale, Sullivan, Sweet, Triplett, Tomlins, Williams, Wolvin, Wehr, Wimmer, Weishart, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Balch, Blaine, Bridgeman, M. Coll, E. Dempsey, J. Fisher, K. Fisher, Geer, L. Griffith, G. Garrity, Hinz, Hughes, Hull, Hunting, Heyman, M. Kennedy, Knauer, Leonard, G. Meehan, Morse, Mercer, Prudhomme, Quinn, Rhodes, Rogers, Stapleton, Stiefel, Wiesenbach.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses I. Becker, Caddagan, B. McCormic, O'Mara, Pugsley, Quealey. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Becker, Wallace.

### Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses C. Griffith, Horn, Dillon, Scully, Kearsey, Kearney, St. Clair, Wolvin, Shephard, Williams, Fuller, McHale.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Hummer, G. Regan, Kearns, Heckard, Sullivan, Snowhook, Fitzpatrick, Proby, Blaine, Trask, Guise, Duffield.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses H. Dempsey, Clifford, Moran, Faxon, E. Coll, L. Meehan, Stadtler, Van Horn, M. Dunkin, M. Smith, Stafford, Blair, Dart, Gavan, Hertzog, Kingsbury.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses E. Regan, Flannery, C. Dempsey, McCormic, McDonnell, McEwen, A. Kennedy, Shields, J. Fisher, Tomlins, Bates, Desenberg, Egan, Griffin, Hunting, Hinz, Marsh, N. Meehan, Pierson, R. Smith, Triplett, Fravel, Griffith, Wright.

INTERMEDIATE CLASS—Misses Allnoch, C. McNamara, Cogley.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses E. Claggett, B. Claggett, Sweet, Wimmer, Moore, Blacklock, Bridgeman, Leonard, Balch, Prudhomme.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Stapleton, M. Kennedy, Beschamang, Knauer, Bragdon, Qualey, Hughes, Mason, Reed, Zahm, Wiesenbach.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses G. Meehan, Rogers, Rhodes, Kendall, Crane, K. Fisher, Caddagan, Quinn.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses S. Dempsey, O'Mara, M. Becker, Garrity, Wallace, Stiefel, Pugsley, McCormic, Heyman.